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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

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THIRTY-SIX PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour are said to be preparing a plan of Irish local government to be submitted to Parliament. ==== The French Government has received a formal demand from Great Britain for the extradition of P. J. Tynan, the alleged dynamiter. ==== The Khalifa and his Dervishes have evacuated Kerma on the Nile, which is now occupied by the Anglo-Egyptian expedition.

DOMESTIC.—Delegations numbering 10,000 men visited Canton and were addressed by Major McKinley; the largest party of the campaign so far came from Chicago, and was composed of 5,000 railway employes. ==== Terrific storms occurred in Fall River and New-Bedford, Mass., Providence, R. I., and other parts of New-England. ==== The National Bank of Troy was closed, owing to a run caused by a baseless rumor. ==== Mr. Bryan left Fredericksburg for Washington, and made a speech in each place. ==== The cricket match between the Australians and Gentlemen of Philadelphia was continued, with the former in the lead.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—It was learned that letters urging support of the Republican candidates had been sent out by the Association of Shipping Men, of which Arthur Sewall is president, his name as head of the organization being on the letter-sheets. ==== John S. Robinson, a real estate broker, committed suicide at No. 4 West Forty-seventh-st., by inhaling gas. ==== The Commercial Travellers' Honest Money League presented to Garret A. Hobart a handsome clock, with an appropriate address. ==== Winners at Gravesend: Christmas, Fillall, Peep o' Day, Sunny Slope, The Winner, Zanone, McKee. ==== The American Yacht Club's fall regatta was sailed; the Colonia won the Hearst cup. ==== Boston defeated Brooklyn at baseball by 3 to 1. ==== Two world's records were broken at games of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club. ==== The stock market was stronger.

THE WEATHER.—Forecast for to-day: Fair and much cooler. The temperature yesterday: Highest, 84 degrees; lowest, 64; average, 71¼.

At a time of increasing sales a newsdealer or train boy sometimes runs short of a sufficient supply of The Tribune. Readers always confer a favor by reporting such cases to the Business Office of The Tribune, No. 154 Nassau-st.

The Tribune is the original McKinley and Hobart paper, and the leading one. For the best news and the most news, political and otherwise, order The Tribune.

It is conceded by contemporaries that the display of New-Jersey, Brooklyn and Westchester County news in The Tribune is without an equal in the metropolitan press; and, as the special news of those localities appears also in the regular city and mail editions of The Tribune, suburban residents can, while travelling, depend upon The Tribune, absolutely for their home news.

So long a period has elapsed since the work of transforming the old Castle Garden Building, which is one of the landmarks of New-York, into an aquarium that the project of endowing our city with an institution of this kind has almost been forgotten by the public. It would appear, however, from an article upon the subject which we publish to-day, that the aquarium is at length approaching completion, and that there is every reason to hope that by Christmas time it will have become one of the most popular features of entertainment and instruction in New-York.

Sensitive even in the days of our greatest prosperity, popular confidence in the banks and financial institutions is exceptionally so at the present moment, when the vagaries and wild ravings of Mr. Bryan and of his Democratic friends have done so much to unsettle the public mind. Had it not been for this abnormal condition of affairs, which will terminate with the election of Major McKinley a few weeks hence, the doors of the National Bank of Troy, which were shut yesterday, might still be open. For the run which resulted in their close seems to have been brought about solely by the fact that a prominent citizen fell dead at the door, a dense crowd immediately gathering about the entrance. Inasmuch as it is announced that the depositors will be paid in full, and the stockholders receive at least 90 cents on the dollar, there seems to have been no valid cause whatsoever for the run that did the mischief, save unreasoning panic.

Truant schools constituting a logical and indispensable link in our system of compulsory education, it is satisfactory to learn from an article published elsewhere in our columns to-day that the Board of Education has at length withdrawn its opposition to the organization of establishments of this character, and has applied for an appropriation for the purpose. Until now the Board has been in the habit of securing the magisterial commitment of truants to criminal institutions—such as, for instance, the Juvenile Asylum. This is not only contrary to common-sense and propriety, but also a flagrant violation of the law, and under the circumstances it must be a source of satisfaction to the public to learn that, thanks in a great measure to the labors of the Good Government clubs of this city, the pernicious practice of mingling mere truants with convicted criminals is about to be stopped.

During the coming week the centre of European diplomacy will be located at Balmoral, a description of which will be found in our columns to-day, and where Queen Victoria will welcome her grandchildren, the Czar and Czarina of Russia. Much will depend upon the degree of success achieved by the aged British sovereign in convincing the young Emperor that England's attitude with regard to Turkish affairs is sincere and disinterested. England has for so many years championed the cause of the Porte against Russia and those other European Powers that sought to force the Sultan to reform that the Continental Governments view with a suspicious eye her change of front. So much so, indeed, that, as pointed out in to-day's cable dispatch of our London correspondent, England's dispatch of her fleet to Constantinople might entail a European war. If only Queen Victoria can reassure the Czar that England has no negro in her woodpile, and that her sole aim is to put an end to Turkish barbarity, all further obstacles on the part of the Great Powers to the appearance of the British fleet under the walls of Constantinople may vanish and the Sultan be brought to his senses. Indeed, there is some reason to hope that the presence of the Czar at Balmoral during the coming week may result in the removal of what, after all, is the greatest blot upon the much-vaunted nineteenth century civilization of Europe—namely, the toleration of the Turk within its borders.

EXPERT TESTIMONY ON SILVER.

It is true, say the Boy Orator and his followers, that silver has fallen to only a little more than half its former value, so that the metal in a standard dollar is now worth not more than fifty-three cents. But that is all because silver was demonetized by the "gold bugs" in the "Crime of 1873." Remove the cause, and the effect will also be removed. Undo that "crime" and its evil consequences will trouble us no more. Remonetize silver, and it will stand where it did before it was demonetized, and be at par with gold at the ratio of 16 to 1. Such is the Popocrats' contention, upon which all their arguments and pleas and propaganda of the campaign are based; most vehemently enunciated by those who were lads in roundabouts when the "Crime of 1873" occurred. But is it true?

Here is some expert testimony on the subject, every word of which is more convincing than a whole Eolus's cave full of mere assertions, though uttered by the most euphonious Boy Orator in all the kindergartens of the West. It was given by a gentleman who was conspicuous in public life before Mr. Bryan was born; whose knowledge of silver is based upon long and successful experience as a practical mine-owner and operator; whose knowledge of the "Crime of 1873" is based upon personal participation in it; who has devoted many years of his long and busy life to the study and exposition of National finance, and who is now universally recognized as one of the foremost living authorities thereon, on the silver side.

That gentleman, that witness, is Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada, the venerable "guide, philosopher and friend" of the free-silver combination. He testified, under oath, in Washington in 1876 that it was the Bonanza mines that were depressing the price of silver. Germany had demonetized silver five years before, but he did not mention that as a cause. The United States had done so three years before, but neither did he mention that. He knew all about the "Crime of 1873," for he had taken part in it, and already "Silver Dick" Bland and others were clamoring for its undoing. But he did not reckon it a cause of silver's fall. In the three years from 1873 to 1876 the value of silver had fallen 11 per cent—from 100 cents to 89. He had watched that decline intelligently, for he was an expert on the subject, and with solicitude, for it was a matter of dollars and cents to him. And he formally declared, under oath, that the cause of it was the enormous productiveness of the Bonanza mines.

It is not to be supposed that Senator Stewart at that time spoke heedlessly. He was testifying in a suit upon the determination of which vast interests depended, and he spoke with a thoughtful deliberation befitting the occasion. It would be monstrous even to suspect that he spoke falsely, and thus perjured himself. It must be believed that he spoke according to the best of his knowledge and belief—a knowledge of the subject not surpassed by that of any other man. And his testimony was, not that it was "the crime of 1873," but that it was the productiveness of the Bonanza mines that sent down the price of silver. If, then, demonetization was not the cause of the evil, how can remonetization remove its effects? If suspension of free coinage was not what brought down the price, how could resumption of free coinage send it up again? The law of cause and effect is a great thing; but removing one cause will not remove the effect of another and entirely different cause. According to Senator Stewart's own testimony, it is not free coinage that is needed to put silver back into its old place, but a reburial of all the Bonanza treasures in the heart of the Nevada mountains.

STORMS WORTH OBSERVING.

People in this neighborhood who slept soundly through Friday night until dawn of yesterday are, perhaps, to be congratulated upon their immunity from insomnia. They are to be commiserated, however, on having missed seeing and hearing two of the most remarkable storms our very remarkable climate has treated us to for many a day. To those whose nerves are not unpleasantly affected by atmospheric electricity, the occasion was one of incomparable exhilaration and spectacular enjoyment, such as, once known, will never be forgotten.

There was little premonition of it in the early evening, save a few vagrom clouds, which presently betook themselves beyond the horizon. For an hour or two before midnight the almost full moon was riding through cloudless skies; and, indeed, for a couple of hours after all was calm and serene. Suddenly heavy masses of cloud rushed into view, and in an incredibly brief time—literally only a few minutes—covered the entire vault of the heavens. Where the clouds were, there was a hurricane; where men were, the air was stagnant in its stillness. There were a few huge, splashing drops, and then a veritable deluge of rain. But most amazing were the blaze of lightning and the roar of thunder, both literally without cessation. Before the gleam of one flash ceased playing in the clouds, another rent asunder the sable curtain. There was never one perceptible moment of darkness. By actual count, there were more than sixty separate flashes in a minute, while of course there was no distinguishing between the peals of thunder when half a dozen or more were roaring and reverberating at the same time. For nearly twenty minutes this stupendous bombardment was maintained, more than a thousand electric bolts having in that time been discharged. Then, almost as suddenly as it had begun, the storm went whirling away, and the glimmer of the stars replaced the lightning, and the quaint cry of the katydid was heard instead of the thunder.

For half an hour, or perhaps a little more, all was again calm. Then, with even more fury than the first, a second storm came on. This time the fierce winds that bore the clouds swept close to the face of the earth, bending huge trees like saplings and making stanch buildings quiver beneath its fearful stress. Only it came in fitful gusts, like the panting of some stupendous giant, with almost absolute stillness between them. In fifteen minutes there were about a dozen such bursts, each lasting perhaps half a minute, and accompanied by a deluge of rain, the intervals being rainless and windless. But all the time, just as before, were the incessant glare of lightning and crash and roll of thunder. Then this storm, too, was whirled away, and the early dawn was still, and the gray veil of mist that enwrapped the world was such as, one would say, had never known the breath of a tempest or the blaze of a lightning bolt.

Amid the high walls and the nightlong noises of the city, these things might not be noticed. To the dweller in the suburbs, who chanced to be awake, or who was awakened by the elemental tumult, they afforded such an exhibition of the capricious might of nature as one can scarcely hope to see repeated in a lifetime.

SEWALL'S LITTLE GAME.

They do not wisely who suppose "Tom" Watson has a full monopoly of Vice-Presidential fun. It is not so, and will not be while Arthur Sewall lives. The Cracker candidate is by far the more halcyon and vociferous, and adds more to the gayety of nations. But the quiet man 'way down in Maine is getting in his fine work, all the same, and is probably contributing more to the ultimate and inevitable cataclysm. "Sewall can't be elected!" shrieks Thomas the Rambunctious, in his shrillest note; "and Bryan shan't be, either, unless he makes Sewall get off the ticket!" At which Arthur winks his expressive Down East eye, and answers: "Sonny, I know a trick worth "two of that. There isn't any one of us three "going to be elected; neither you, nor me, nor "Little Billee. You don't suppose I'm in this "for my health, do you? Not on your life! "I'm in it for just what it's worth to Arthur "Sewall, ship-builder, ship-owner, merchant, "banker and railroad director, first, last, and "all the time, and since it will be money in "Arthur Sewall's pocket for us three to be "beaten, why, we're going to be beaten, that's "all!"

So, while Thomas is thrashing around and raising Texas with his flamboyant speeches, Arthur is content with his little literary bureau. And what a bureau it is, and what campaign documents it is sending out! Chicago platform? Boy Orator's cross and crown? Free silver poppycock? Well, scarcely! But extracts from the Republican platform, and from McKinley's letter of acceptance, and from the speeches of Blaine and other Republican statesmen, and, in general, the stiffest kind of straight Republican doctrine, and the strongest possible appeal for the election of McKinley and Hobart and a Republican Congress, and the fulfilment of the Republican platform. That is the sort of campaign literature that is going out, broadcast and wholesale, under Arthur Sewall's name, and—to cap the climax—under date of September 14, the Maine election day! That is Arthur Sewall's reply to "Tom" Watson's somewhat exigent invitation to step down and out. And it strikes the unprejudiced and discriminating observer that, up to the hour of going to press, Arthur is one large, ripe huckleberry ahead.

It may be that there are some old-fashioned moralists who will look with austere disfavor upon such a proceeding. They may protest that a candidate on one ticket ought not to work for the success of the other ticket, and that the Vice-Presidential candidate ought not to sell out, for private advantage, his Presidential colleague? But what would you? The whole Popocratic campaign is a selling-out affair. Bryan himself frankly avows his desire to sell out one class to benefit another. The Chicago platform is nothing but a bill of sale, to barter the Nation's prosperity and honor for the enrichment of a few silver mine-owners and gold-contract sharps. If it be right to sell out all the people, it surely is right to sell out one or two of them. If the whole Popocrat party has gone into the bunco business, Arthur Sewall is certainly entitled to run his own litle game. More power to his elbow!

"BOY ORATOR" AND MILL-BOY.

In his train-end address at Ashland, Va., on Friday, the Boy Orator of the Platte was struck by the coincidence that the county was the birthplace of Henry Clay, "the Mill-Boy of the Slashes," and also that the policy for which the Popocracy stands in some respect revived that statesman's memory. Precisely why this Free-Trade Popocracy should revive the memory of the statesman who might almost be said to have been the Father of the Protective System, we do not clearly see, unless, indeed, the B. O. of the P. meant that the goings-on of the present generation of Free Traders were liable to make Henry Clay rise out of his grave in protest. That would revive his memory in a very decided way.

The modest suggestion that his own title of "Boy Orator of the Platte" recalls that of the "Mill-Boy of the Slashes" is not entirely without meaning, the resemblance between the two being traceable to the fact that one was a mill-boy and the other a boy orator—both boys. But, after all, there's a good deal in it that recalls the famous conundrum, "What town in New-York is like the promised land?" The answer was "Canandaigua," and when the hearers failed to see the resemblance the author's explanation was: "Why, you call it Canaan-daigua, and then you leave off the 'daigua.'"

MONEY FOR THE NEW BRIDGE.

It is a satisfaction to learn that such good progress is being made in the preparations for erecting the new bridge across the East River. A short time ago a detailed and presumably accurate estimate was made by Mr. Buck, the chief engineer, of the cost of the structure which is to be built between this city and old Williamsburg. The estimate does not appear excessive. The most gratifying feature of Mr. Buck's report is his positive statement that the bridge can be constructed within a reasonable time provided the money is promptly forthcoming. It is thirteen years since the present bridge was completed, and it was fourteen or fifteen years in building. The undertaking was in the nature of an experiment, and was, accordingly, regarded with doubt by some, while politics had a part in delaying its completion. No such consideration should be allowed to interfere with the present work. There is great need of another bridge across the East River, and of more than one. The preliminary work on the Williamsburg Bridge is now well in hand, and the specifications for the stone work of the towers have been completed. Bids for the construction of the tower on this side of the river will be received by the Commission up to October 7. If nothing untoward happens, the structure can be built and ready for use, Chief Engineer Buck declares, by January 1, 1900.

That is a pleasing prospect, assuredly, and without doubt the Bridge Commissioners will do all in their power to finish the bridge at the time named. But they will be unable to do so unless the necessary funds are provided by the two cities as they are needed. Each city is to pay one-half of the cost, which, it is estimated, will reach $7,510,000. This sum will cover the towers and tower foundations, anchorages, cables, suspended superstructure, approaches, etc. The cost of the land that must be acquired as a part of the bridge is not taken into account in this estimate, and as to the total expenditure on that account we are not informed. Mr. Buck's estimate is that during the present year $309,000 should be expended; in 1897, $3,236,000; in 1898, $2,527,000, and in 1899, $1,438,000. Only a little more than three years will be allowed for the construction of the bridge in accordance with this estimate. It is obvious, therefore, that everybody connected with the work will have to "hustle" if the programme is carried out.

The most essential thing is punctual provision of the money required by the Boards of Estimate of the two cities. Just at present, it must be admitted, the prospect is not encouraging. Both New-York and Brooklyn have failed in their attempts to sell bonds to carry on important public works, and it has been necessary to call a halt in respect to a number of undertakings that ought to be proceeded with. But the present state of things is, happily, not likely to continue long. In a few months there will be a revival of good times, we trust and believe, and city bonds will be sold readily at a handsome premium. The city officials on both sides of the river should see to it then that the treasury of the New East River Bridge is kept well supplied, in order that the bridge may go forward as rapidly as possible and be completed, if circumstances will permit, by the beginning of the year 1900.

LI HUNG CHANG'S BOOK.

It is reported from the far West that Li Hung Chang may write a book about America when he gets home instructing his countrymen concerning the mighty people beyond the sea which have built up a fence to keep them out of its territory and discriminated against their pigtails in its legislation in what seems to him so churlish and inhospitable a manner. The great mass of the Chinese people have never heard of the existence of such a country as America, and to them the Viceroy would be its Columbus, bringing back with him tokens of more wonder than the real Columbus brought back to Ferdinand and Isabella.

It will not impart any disrespect to the author that his readers do not believe half he says. A generous privilege of drawing the long bow is accorded to writers there, and the imaginative element is expected to infiltrate books of travel as well as histories and romances. The Viceroy will, of course, set down fairly what he sees, but it will be too much for the credulity of most of his compatriots. His survey takes in only a few cities—New-York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Washington, with a flying glimpse of the towns which lie between; and for the rest of his American observations, they will be of such a Canadian character that it is doubtful if he finds it worth while to record them. He will, however, have seen what is best worth seeing, and may be expected to draw a picture of it worthy of its splendid proportions. When he describes the great Bridge a mile long, invisibly supported, like the spider's web, hanging in airy outline between two enormous cities, each larger than any in the Chinese Empire, one of which he never heard of till he got here, they will pretend to believe what he says, but will really put no confidence in it, regarding it as a decorative affix of the chronicle put in to make the book sell. It will be the same way with his description of the Statue of Liberty and the twenty-odd-story buildings along Broadway, and the big hotels around the Park, to say nothing of the churches of all faiths except the Eastern one, compared with which the Temple of Heaven resembles a rustic summer-house or newspaper kiosk. They are too large for the Chinese comprehension, and, like our great railway system and other tremendous material upbuildings, stand for a force of civilization which he has not yet mastered. The same thing may be said of the Capitol and the Congressional Library, and Washington's Monument, not higher than the virtue and renown it commemorates, but overtopping any of Kublai Khan's pagodas or the most aspiring turret of the Tartar wall.

When it comes to his description of the men and women he has met, and his registration of their respective ages and salaries, there is no reason why he should not carry his countrymen along with him. They may not readily grasp the idea of a system of ruling magistrates with no pigtails and no buttons on their caps and no yellow jackets or peacock feathers, the most of whom will not steal, but it need not seem to them entirely incredible. As the rulers of a people with which they have a prospect of doing a good deal of business in the future, multiplying intercourse and relationships with them in many ways, they will be interesting figures for the Chinese to contemplate and compare with their own of like grade and function. It is lucky for us that those now in power are such a handsome and personable lot, in this respect almost rivalling their chronicler himself. The Viceroy's book, if he writes it, is sure to be a capital one. No more profound and penetrating observer from any land has ever visited us. When his volume is translated out of the tea-chest characters in which it is written it is likely to have a greater run here than at home.

THE POPE ON ANGLICAN ORDERS.

The long-expected decision of the Pope as to the validity of Anglican orders has at last been made. Only one sentence of it is published, but that is explicit enough. "After long study," says the Pontiff, "I must confirm the decrees of "my predecessors that all ordinations made un-"der the Anglican rite are absolutely invalid." And as if to emphasize the uncompromising position of the Roman Church on this question, Leo embodies in his syllabus an appeal to the Anglican clergy to return to the Catholic Church, which alone, he says, has valid orders.

This adverse decision will be a bitter disappointment to a small knot of High Anglicans, who have been taking an intense interest in the question. The Roman Church has uniformly maintained that Anglican orders are not only irregular, but invalid. It holds that the ministry of the Church must trace its succession back through the bishops to the days of the Apostles. At least three bishops must unite in the consecration of a bishop; each of these three bishops must have been similarly consecrated, and so on back to Apostolic times. The Eastern Church and the Anglican Church, it may be added, hold this same theory of the ministry, which is commonly known as the doctrine of the Apostolical succession. But while the Anglican Church regards the orders of the Greek and Roman churches as valid, and does not, therefore, reordain priests coming to it from these churches, the Roman Church regards Anglican orders as invalid, and the Greek Church has thus far refused to acknowledge their validity, though it has not formally pronounced against them. The famous Nag's Head Tavern story of Archbishop Parker's consecration is an important element in the case. It is alleged that in the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign fourteen bishops vacated their sees, leaving only one Protestant bishop, Kitchin, of Llandaff. As he refused to officiate at Parker's consecration, the Protestant divines procured the services of one Scory, a deprived bishop, who performed the ceremony in the Nag's Head Tavern, in Cheapside. There is no good authority for this story. It was not heard of until forty years after Parker's consecration, and it is discredited by Lingard, the Catholic historian. Parker was really consecrated in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace, and four bishops officiated at the ceremony. But the story is widely believed by Roman Catholics, and this decision of Pope Leo would seem to indicate that he accepted it, though we shall have to wait for the full text of his decision to be sure of that.

A curious feature of the case is that any considerable number of Anglicans should seriously believe that Pope Leo was at all likely to reverse the judgment of the Roman Church on the question. He could not do so without admitting that the Church's previous condemnation of Anglican orders was erroneous; and from the point of view of the Church, that would be bad policy. It would, in fact, be a denial of the Church's dogma of infallibility in matters relating to faith and morals; and, however progressive Leo may be in matters of policy involving no principle, when it comes to yielding a doctrine that is the logical and necessary outcome of the Papal claims, he will be found as firm as a rock. Equally curious, perhaps, is the circumstance that the Pope considered the question at all. His doing so will, indeed, be regarded by the High Anglicans as a bit of needless cruelty. For they have been loudly declaring during the last few months that his determination to review the case was prima-facie evidence that he had come into possession of new evidence favorable to the Anglican Church, and their hopes of a favorable decision were, therefore, raised almost to the point of certainty. The truth of the matter probably is, that the Pope was led to open the question by some of his influential advisers, who believed that a decision by him either for or against Anglican orders would precipitate a hegira of Anglicans into the Roman Church. If he should declare Anglican orders to be valid, it would let down the bars for Anglican priests who are in sympathy with Rome, but unable to acknowledge the invalidity of their orders. If, on the other hand, he declared them invalid, as he has done, other Anglican priests, who secretly doubt their orders, would at once enter the Church whose orders are undisputed. What would have happened if he had made a favorable decision is now only a matter of speculation. It remains to be seen what effect his adverse decision will have.

The Popocrats are calling people to whom the offer of a Mexican dollar is sometimes made as a lesson in free coinage "victims." That suggests a name for people who, if Bryan should be elected, might have to take silver coins of lighter weight than those Mexican dollars.

There is nothing make-believe about the tests which the bicycle is receiving in the army. Eight men have recently ridden from Fort Missoula to Helena, a distance of 1,100 miles, mainly over rough and mountainous country, in the space of twenty-two days. Lieutenant Moss was in command of the party, and it is his opinion that the trip has demonstrated the availability of the bicycle for military purposes. The object of the trip was to determine the durability of the bicycle in such rough usage as it is bound to have if adopted for use in our Western country. The soldiers were obliged to carry their camp equipment and rations, as well as their weapons and ammunition, besides extra tires and parts of the machines on which they travelled. No such test of bicycles has ever been made before, and it speaks volumes for the material and manner of their construction that they stood up so well.

The way is now perfectly clear for the Sound Money Democrats of the State. When their convention reassembles in Brooklyn next week the only course for them to pursue will be to nominate a full ticket of their own, and declare war to the knife.

Queen Victoria has twice as many Mahometan subjects as she has of British blood and birth, and it is appropriate that she should welcome a mosque upon her soil and give it the same protection and freedom of worship that prevail in her minsters and parish churches. There is one at Woking, Surrey, near London, which is kept in constant working order, the muezzin calling daily five times to prayer with as much punctuality and emphasis as if the temple were in Samarcand or Damascus. It is now proposed that one should be erected on the banks of the Seine, and Prince Arenberg, General the Marquis Galliffet, Benjamin Constant, the painter, and others have formed themselves into a committee to receive funds for that purpose. The Government approves the scheme, having Mahometan subjects of its own, though not so many as England, and it is likely to be a fine example of Oriental architecture and one of the notable ornaments of the city. The French people are not inhospitable to any faith, which is more than can be said of their neighbors across the Channel, among whom the sacrifice of a bull to Jupiter would not be tolerated, though the Parisians did not mind it; nor would the worship of the devil be openly permitted as it is under the very shadow of Notre Dame and within hearing of its exorcising bells. Mahometanism is looking up in the Western countries, and we may have a mosque here one of these days, as we already have an Islamitic missionary or two and an increasing number of the followers of that faith.

Persons who are trying to bring harmony out of Senator Smith's statement of his position with reference to the present campaign should not lose sight of the luminous comment of Dr. Thomas Dunn English. "I was at Long Branch yesterday," said the Doctor, "and I believe there is more behind this declaration than appears on the surface. The Senator for several years has been called upon to contribute from $40,000 to $50,000 for the State campaign, and the drain was becoming more than he could stand." In the absence of a better theory, perhaps this view may gain a tentative acceptance.

Stanley ascribes Napoleon's declaration, that at 3 o'clock in the morning courage was rarely to be found, to Wellington, who did not state the proposition in so many words, but would probably have confirmed it, and it seems conformable to reason and experience. It was one of the sententiae uttered by the great conqueror at St. Helena, when he had leisure to talk about valor, instead of being compelled to exercise it constantly, as he had formerly done. It was probably by a lapse of memory that Stanley took the words out of his mouth and put them in that of his victorious rival. No great harm is done, but as the explorer is himself a hero, he ought to deal equitably with other heroes, even at the expense of verifying the quotations he makes from them. If such looseness of citation be allowed to prevail, another generation may be instructed that it was Stanley, instead of Wellington, who diffused the celebrated Waterloo mandate, "Up guards and at 'em," though it is now maintained that the latter never said anything of the sort. In time it may come to be denied that Napoleon made the remark attributed to him, but while the belief that he did is current it is proper that he should bear its full responsibility. The paternity of the phrase is certified by the accompanying declaration that he possessed the early morning courage in its fullest degree, but did not find it in anybody else, Stanley not having come up in those days.

One building in this town is to be turned into a "Raines law hotel" for the modest expenditure of $15. On this basis who wouldn't keep a hotel? But let us not forget the license tax of $800 which must be paid before business can be begun.

A touching tale was that of the old farmer in the outskirts of Brooklyn all of whose savings were taken from his house the other day by a rascally intruder, who found the house open and helped himself to whatever he could lay hands on. When the loss was reported to the police it was found that the victim of the robbery hadn't turned the key in his door in twenty-five years, and he protested that he had never had occasion to provide himself with bolts and bars. Such confidence in human nature is rare, at least within the limits of a large city, and in this case it has suffered so severe a shock that it is not likely ever to be restored. Faith is a good thing, but it can be carried to extremes.

PERSONAL.

Miss Mary Taylor, who is said to have been the heroine of the poem, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," died recently at Somerville, Mass.

The coming visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to Ireland is giving great pleasure to the Episcopalians of Ireland. "The Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette" says: "In this visit of His Grace the Archbishop she gladly welcomes the promise and earnest of a closer tie and a more loving understanding between the Churches of England and Ireland."

James Clinton, formerly well known socially in Baltimore, has done a somewhat unusual thing. Several years ago he enlisted as a private in the United States Army, and, solely through his personal merits, he has risen to the grade of second lieutenant.

Mme. Modjeska has 600 hives of Italian bees on her California ranch, and sells a great deal of honey every autumn.

The Very Rev. W. H. Fremantle, D. D., Dean of Ripon, England, has become an ardent wheelman. In reply to a question the other day what he thought of cycling for the clergy, he replied: "As a diversion to the thoughts of a busy man it has great advantages, and need not take up so long a time as most forms of exercise. To the clergy it is specially useful. If the weather and the proficiency of the rider are such as to enable him to ride without getting too much heated, the cycle should be useful both in parochial visiting and in going to a distance on clerical duty."

"And on Sundays?"

"There seems to be no reason why it should not be used by the clergy on Sundays, except that it is as yet unusual," was his answer.

Peter Neeb, of Shelbyville, Ind., who celebrated his hundredth birthday last week, has been a moderate drinker of whiskey all his life. He is in perfect health, is in possession of all his faculties, has never to his knowledge been sick in bed a day, and has never had the rheumatism. On his birthday he related his reminiscences of General Lafayette, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John Calhoun and others.

Mother Louise, a nun of the Carmelite Convent of Baltimore, will celebrate the golden jubilee of her profession as a nun next month.

Among the Episcopal clergymen mentioned in connection with the Bishopric of Western New-York, to succeed the late Bishop Coxe, are the Rev. Drs. Chauncey B. Brewster, of Brooklyn; James S. Stone, of Chicago; George W. Douglas, of New-Haven, Conn.; James Rankine, of Geneva, N. Y., and John S. Lindsay, of Boston.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

Buckland-on-the-Moor, a secluded village of Devonshire, England, has no public-house, parson, policemen or paupers. The squire owns all the land. The farms are small, but profitable. The farm laborers live in the squire's cottages. When they fall sick the squire pays their wages as usual, and when they are too old to work any more they are continued on the pay list, and potter about, doing what they please.

They Are Wise.—"Those bicycle riders are nothing but a set of cranks," said the man who does not ride.

"Well," admitted the other man who does not ride, "you must give them credit for having some little sense at least. You haven't yet heard of one of them starting out to discover the North Pole on his wheel!"—(Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Ben" Reed, a Chicago policeman, recently purchased an interest in a Cripple Creek mine, and he is said to be now a millionaire.

Horticultural.—"That man in the next flat calls his lively wife 'Blossom.'"

"Great Scott! How inappropriate!"

"What makes you say so?"

"Blossoms shut up when the sun goes down."—(Chicago Record.

The moose elk of Norway will soon be extinct. The law says that no more than one shall be killed on one property in a year. But as it says nothing about the size of the property, the owner of a tract of land with moose on it subdivides it into small plots, and then a moose can be killed on every plot without breaking the law.

A Thing of Dread.—Mrs. Wickwire—The grocer was here with his bill to-day. Hadn't you better step in and settle it as you go downtown?

Mr. Wickwire—I think I shall send you. If I go in and pay it he will insist on treating me to one of his cigars.—(Indianapolis Journal.

"Things are so badly mixed politically," says Henry B. Brown, of New-Haven, chairman of the Connecticut Prohibition Committee, "that I am reminded of a bereaved husband who had buried four wives, in widely different localities. He became inspired with the happy thought to have them all disinterred and laid to rest in the same burial lot, and to erect to their memories a single shaft, on which their names should appear. He proceeded to do so; but in making the changes the bodies became inextricably mixed and changed, so that which couldn't be distinguished from t'other. So, instead of four several and individual inscriptions, he concluded to group the whole business in one comprehensive epitaph, which read touchingly as follows:

"Stranger! stop and drop a tear!
My Mary Ann lies buried here!
Mixed up, in some mysterious manner,
With Ellen, Jane, and likewise Hanna!"

Cause and Effect (from the French).—The Advocate—I wish, Monsieur le President, to call two witnesses who have not been subpoenaed.

The President—Are you satisfied that they will help us to arrive at the truth?

The Advocate—Quite satisfied. I have not had time to communicate with them.—(London Globe.

"The London Chronicle" informs its readers that Mrs. William McKinley "was called to the American bar in 1893, and that she enjoyed for a long while the unique distinction of being the only lady of the legal profession who pleaded in behalf of clients before her own husband, who was the Judge of the circuit in which she practised."

Deacon Black—How did you like it down at Boomtown?

Rev. White—I tell you, they're wideawake down there!

"Oh, then you didn't preach for them?"—(Yonkers Statesman.

The summer girl, a little sunburnt and a trifle freckled, prone to ruminate and dreaming of future summers, is back with us once more. She is happy and we are glad she's back, and—how we have missed her!

Honors Would Be Even.—The Dead Boy—Insulting fellow, you do not know who I am, do you?

The Insulting Fellow—Dat's all right; you ain't got none de best o' me. W'en I git t'rough wit' you youse won't know, either.—(Cincinnati Enquirer.

The new Episcopal Cathedral of the diocese of Tennessee, at Memphis, will cost $100,000 and will be built of stone taken from the quarries of the State. The exterior will be of rough-hewn stones, and the interior will be polished stone and marble. No plaster will be used in the building.

Not All Gain.—"Madge, did it do you good to go out into the country?"

"Well, I gained five pounds, but I lost my grip on 'eye-ther' and 'ney-ther.'"—(Chicago Record.

When Young Chief, a prominent member of the Umatilla tribe of Indians, in Oregon, goes away for his annual vacation the State authorities publish the following notice: "Young Chief has permission to visit Wallowa and surrounding country, with various other Indians, to be away sixty days. He is a good, law-abiding man, and very friendly toward whites. If any of his crowd are boisterous or violate any law, if reported to me I will have the matter rectified. Any favor shown him will be appreciated. He respects the whites and asks that they respect him."

The Old Practitioner—Well, how did you succeed with your first diagnosis? Did you profit by my advice?

The Young Doctor—I think I did, sir. I told the patient that he was suffering from a combination of liver, stomach, heart, lung and brain trouble.

The Old Practitioner—Good! No chance for a mistake there!—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.

George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte are the names of two old soldiers who received their pensions in Baltimore the other day.

Willing to Be Educated.—"This is undoubtedly a campaign of education," remarked Mr. Figg to his visitor, when Tommy interrupted him with: "Say, paw."

"What is it?"

"Can't I stay out of school till it is over and get my education following the parades?"—(Indianapolis Journal.

It is a curious coincidence that George W. Legg, treasurer of Pike County, Ohio, and George R. Legg, Treasurer of Pike County, Ark., recently proved to be defaulters, and ran away as fast as their legs could carry them.

They tell of a Georgia candidate who offers to gin cotton free for everybody who will sign a contract to vote for him. Another one—a candidate for Coroner—finding a family that contained twelve voters, jerked his coat and shingled the house for them. The Georgia candidate means business this financial year.—(Atlanta Constitution.